letter \vas not recened by Tyrone, being stayed by accident
In it the Council had begged him to let the men in Armagh
depart without doing them any further hurt, and especially,
seeing his enemy the late Marshal was among the slain, they
hoped that he would cease all further revenge against the rest

i$th September THE EA.RL OF ESSEX RESTORED TO FAVOUR

In the Court my Lord of Essex took his place in the Council
five days ago and is now restored to the Queen's favour

[c] SKIALETHEIA '

There is a boot entered called *Skialetheta, or a Shadow of Truth,* being a collection of certain epigrams and six satires on the f olhes of these times

OF A LORD'S LIFE

My Lord most court-like lies in bed till noon,
Then, all high-stomached, nseth to his dinner,
Falls straight to dice, before his meat be down,
Or to digest, walls to some female sinner
Perhaps fore-tired he gets him to a play,
Comes home to supper, and then falls to dice,
There his devotion wakes till it be day,
And so to bed, where until noon he lies
* This is a lord's life/ simple folk will sing
A Lord's life [?] What, to trot so foul a ring [?]
Yet thus he lives, and what's the greatest grief,
Gnatho still swears he leads true virtue's life

OF ONE THAT WOULD CRT [c] OH RARE '

As Cains walks the streets, if he but hear
A blackman grunt his note, he cries, * Oh rare ' *
He cries [c] Oh rare * to hear the Irishmen
Cry [c] Pip, fine pip,' with a shrill accent, when
He comes at Mercers[5] chapel, and [c] Oh rare,*
At Ludgate at the prisoners[3] plainsong there

* Oh rare * sings he,, to hear a cobbler sing,
Or a wassail on Twelfth Night, or the ring
At cold St Pancras Chuich , or anything
He'll cry ' Oh rare,' and scratch the elbow too
To see two butchers* curs fight, the cuckoo